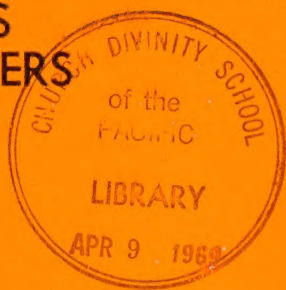


you
APRIL 6/69

THE TRAIL CAMPERS THE PEACE MARCHERS THE NEW BELIEVERS





THE NE

Something is happening in religion today. To find out what it is, and to investigate the new, youthful look that even the most traditional religions seem to be acquiring, INGENUE, a national magazine for teens, organized a forum of teenagers who espoused religious views ranging from the ultra-conservative to a very informal sort of pantheism. The moderator of this panel was William Glenesk, minister of the Spencer Memorial Church in Brooklyn Heights, N. Y. Trained in drama and dance as well as theology, Mr. Glenesk frequently produces and takes part in theater pieces performed in his church. In addition to sermons, he offers his congregation dialogues with actors, underground film-makers, directors, jazz musicians, politicians, lawyers and industrialists. Mr. Glenesk is also a popular lecturer on the college circuit. His favorite topic is revolution in Christianity and the arts. The following are excerpts from INGENUE's forum on religion's new contemporary look.

IS THERE A GENERATION GAP IN RELIGION?

MR. GLENESK: First of all, let's see whether your experience, concepts and commitments are a breakaway from your parents', or whether you are still clinging to the family tree.

JIMMY JANNUZZI: My family is Roman Catholic, but I think I believe in a more universal and personal God than they do. I was born into the Catholic religion, but I don't practice it actively. ►

Youth /

Volume 20

Number 7

April 6, 1969

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YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ

and
The Episcopal Church

An Horizons edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren

YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The Horizons Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office:
1720 Chouteau Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103
Second class postage paid
at Philadelphia, Pa.,
and at additional mail-
ing offices. Accepted for
mailing at a special rate
of postage, provided for
in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, auth-
orized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates:
Single subscriptions, \$3.00
a year. Group rates, three
or more to one address,
\$2.40 each. Single cop-
ies, 15 cents each, double
issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices:
United Church of Christ:
Division of Publication,
United Church Board
for Homeland Minis-
tries, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.
Episcopal Church: Cir-
culation Department,
YOUTH magazine, Room
310, 1505 Race St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.
Church of the Brethren:
The General Board, 1451
Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill.
60120.

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Mr. Glenesk



Jimmy Jannuzzi



Debby Pope

"The New Believers" (pages 2-9) appeared originally in the December 1968 issue of *Ingenue* ("The Magazine for Today's Teen-Agers") and is reprinted here by permission of the publishers.

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James Gensel

BY POPE: We have to define "practicing." Does it mean going to church? Does it mean being conscientious, honoring your fellow man? Or does it just mean being obedient to parents who call themselves Jewish or Catholic?

JAMES GENSEL: I'm Lutheran. My father's a pastor, but I disagree with a lot of things he says. I go to church when I feel like it, but I won't call that practicing religion. Practicing is doing what you believe in—what you believe is right.

COLETTE JANNUZZI: I belong to the Spiritual Regeneration Society, which means I practice a special kind of Yogic meditation. My family is Catholic, but I'm me. I don't think you have to define any further.

DEBBY: If we don't define, it's like trying to catch with one person throwing a ball ten feet and the other trying to catch it at fifteen. I think that's what the generation gap is—our parents follow patterns of religion, but we're just us. We don't need patterns.

GLENNESK: I think you have to look at the structured religions of these days. Don't you see

in the churches and synagogues a deeper involvement in civil rights, politics, questions of war and peace? A generation ago the churches were more concerned with being saved and being good—which meant keeping your powder dry and your nose clean.

DEBBY: Our parents grew up during the Depression and World War II. They had to be materialistic, conservative and patriotic or they'd have sunk. But those crises have passed. It's like trying to teach a child who lives in the middle of a fresh-water lake that he must not waste water because his parents grew up in a desert. Teen-agers are faced with the war in Vietnam; it calls for different decisions than did World War II.

SCOTT ELIAS: On the contrary, I find the generation gap in my family is caused by my parents' not being strict enough in their observances of Jewish rituals. When I get married I'll practice a more orthodox religion than they do.

COLETTE: I don't think there's really so much of a difference between us and our parents. We're just living our principles in today's world. The other day my mother said to

me, "Why are you so hung up on differences? Look for the similarities."

DOES RELIGION EXIST WITHIN YOU—OR WITHOUT YOU?

OLGA KARANASSOS: Religion is thinking about God and trying to understand what He has to do with your daily life.

SCOTT: I consider myself a rather observant Jew. I follow the rituals of my religion because I enjoy them. They make me feel God's presence in every act, even eating.

CURT KOEHLER: Is religion just for enjoyment? I'm more concerned with how you act when a bum comes up to you on the street than whether you practice your religion's dietary laws scrupulously.

MR. GLENESK: It's easier to practice rituals than to translate love into existential situations, right?

JIMMY: But you have to have a little bit of order. It's not just you and God.

CURT: Religion is no good if it doesn't do anything to change the human situation. Saving souls isn't enough. You've got to rock the boat.

JIMMY: Meditation can rock the boat metaphysically. You get away from the material world.

CURT: But that process seems almost selfish. If you are suffering an injustice, what good does it do to continue to suffer. Maybe you should create tension—a revolution—if that's more effective. What

Olga Karanassos



Scott Elias



Colette Jannuzzi



od does it do a bum in the Bow-
y if you tell him, "I'm meditating
you"?

GA: But learning about yourself
ds to learning about others and
ing able to work with them.

. GLENESK: The great mystics al-
ys return to the market place, the
et scene, where the action is.
s is the real mysticism. Questions
conscience must ultimately be
rked out in the world, where the
r is.

OW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT
OD? IS GOD DEAD?

. GLENESK: To me the mystery of
d is fascination. Where is He?
He in the temple or is He out
ere the Beatles are?

MY: I believe in a God that is
h personal and universal. God is
rything, including people. There
t one master who says "Thou
lt not." God is a flowing thing.

ROPER: I often wonder if there
God at all. I can't touch Him or
Him, and when I'm hung up I
k, "Why isn't He helping?"

ES: God made man free. If
d merely established non-break-
e rules, we'd be robots. We have
settle our problems ourselves.

BY: To my way of thinking, be-
religious means practicing love.
el that I am religious, but I don't
eve in God.

RT: I do. But I believe we are
God. There's a quote from Hein-
s "Stranger in a Strange Land"
e impressed me: "Thou art God."

LETTE: People used to believe in

a God with a long beard who sat on
a big chair and told you you'd burn
in Hell if you did something wrong.
THAT God is dead.

IS ORGANIZED RELIGION DEAD?

MR. GLENESK: We've raised the
question here of whether religion
involves social commitment and
whether it's becoming a matter of
celebration and joy rather than a
set of rules.

JAMES: Right. These customs that
say you shouldn't do certain things
on Sunday—well, who says so?

COLETTE: It's alright to be Jewish
or Catholic or Lutheran, but it
would be so much better if we
could all join our powers and be-
lieve in love and each other.

NINFA VELEZ: As a Catholic, I hope
that some day the Mass will just be
a congregation of friends.

DEBBY: Organized religion "could"
be destroyed by disuse.

OLGA: In general, I don't think the
old ritualized religion was spiritual
or personal enough. It was just a
lot of sound and fury.

LORRAINE KIERNAN: I think as a gen-
eration we're more religious than
our parents, but I look at religion as
going out to people.

NINFA: You have to follow your
conscience. The problem of the pill
dramatizes it for Catholics.

CURT: I'd like to file a minority re-
port against the word "religion." It
implies too much ritual. It implies
buildings, Hail Marys, kowtowing,
fasting and tithing. It implies labels
like Catholic, Presbyterian, Jew.

NEW DIRECTIONS: ARE CHURCHES CHANGING?

MR. GLENESK: In our time we have the so-called new morality, we have jazz masses, theater, dialogues, coffee houses in the church—in other words, all parts of life. We're saying that God isn't to be found by going off on a tangent. You must search in the actual milieu of life. There's an affirmation in Bob Dylan's "Blowing in the Wind." Young people are finding religious answers outside the church.

KIM: My father is a Presbyterian minister and I was brought up in a church with a lot of "Thou shalt nots." But at the Spencer Memorial Church we use music—make a joyful noise unto the Lord. It's beautiful.

OLGA: In our church we often have folk masses and we sing songs that have meaning for us, the young people. Sometimes there are older people in back of me saying, "Isn't

this awful?" I feel like turn around and saying, "Open up your minds!"

MR. GLENESK: I see in you an excitement and interest in each other that I'm not so sure was around or fifteen years ago, when Christians were suspicious of Jews and Jews remembered the persecution of the Christians in the middle ages. OLGA: When I was younger we were taught that the Catholic Church was the one true religion and going to a Protestant service was a mortal sin. Now we're taught to respect other people's beliefs.

WHO IS CHANGING THEM?

DEBBY: The clergy see young people falling away from the established churches and now they are trying to lure them back.

SCOTT: I can see changes in my own synagogue, where they're visibly trying to bring young people into the fold. Stress is still placed



Curt Koehler

scholarship, as it always was, but there is a new emphasis on "doing" well—doing for other people as well as yourself.

GA: I think we all have one thing in common. We want to change things. Through people like us, our churches will become more personal.

MY: I don't think I'll have a direct effect upon organized religion. I'm an artist. I hope to affect people through my work. And, through meditation, I feel I can create good vibrations.

T: There's a movement toward individuality in the churches. I feel that in my life I can get some people together and call them friends and then really work at the principle of "Thou art God."

ES: I think that's what young people are doing now. Years ago, we were quiet because they didn't give us a chance to speak. But now we can speak, and we're starting to change things. What we feel is right, we'll do ourselves. ▼

Forum participants were: **Scott Elias**, 16, a veteran of the American Jewish Society for Service's volunteer project among the Northern Cheyenne Indians; **James Gensel**, 17, whose father is pastor of St. Peter's Church (Lutheran) in New York; **Colette Jannuzzi**, 19, a member of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Spiritual Regeneration Movement; **Jimmy Jannuzzi**, 16, also a meditator; **Olga Karanassos**, 18, a student at New York's Cathedral High School (Catholic) who was born into a Greek Orthodox family; **Lorraine Kiernan**, 16, also a Cathedral student; **Curt Koehler**, 17, who recently represented Presbyterian youth at an international religious conference in Uppsala, Sweden; **Deborah Pope**, 16, who worked with Scott Elias among the Cheyenne; **Kim Roper**, 16, a parishioner of Mr. Glenesk's church, whose father is a Presbyterian minister; and **Ninfa Velez**, 18, also a student at Cathedral High School.



Kim Roper



Ninfa Velez



Lorraine Kiernan

• **Brains aren't everything!** You've got feelings, too! And we learn by **FEELING** a truth as well as by **THINKING** a truth. To really learn something means making it a part of all that you are—not just filing facts in your computer brain cells. Thus, being a good student for life takes more than brains—it takes all of you all of the time. In fact, you learn when you least expect it—more often outside school than inside—from parents, friends, mass media, everyday experiences, etc. But disciplined study is needed, too. Never has man's mind meant so much. And never in your life will you have as big an opportunity to learn how to use your mind as now. It takes a desire to learn—sweat, time, stamina, self-discipline. Your chance to learn how to learn comes everytime you do homework, listen to a lecture, experiment in lab, argue with a favorite teacher, research and write your own report.

• **Listen actively!** None of us knows everything—and never will! It's humanly impossible. And because we're human, none of us is exactly alike—we're individuals, each humbled by a lack of experience in some area of life, by the overwhelming knowledge explosion, and by those puzzling personal hang-ups which make us do things for reasons we're not often aware of ourselves. That's why it's healthy to be tolerant and open-minded without being

10 TIPS ON

BEING A STUDENT

... FOR LIFE !!!

wishy-washy and compromising who we are. A student—young or old—a good listener. To well we first must **hear** understand what is **said**, who is saying it, if it fits into what we **already** know, and how it would put it into our words. We cannot **listen** honestly while another speaks if at the same time we detour our attention turning our mind to what we're going to say in **rebuttal** or by participating in **distracting** activities. Communication of **thoughts**, insights, and feelings is often blocked by an **inattentive** listener. And a listener may be a **classmate**, a politician, a **religionist**, or you.

• **See the BIG picture!** Just as you get to know yourself best in association with other human beings, so facts are best learned when related to other facts and fit into a **broader** framework. One educator defines knowledge as **information** which is **organized**. And no one can **organize** learning for himself. You must do it yourself. Ways to **organize** your thinking include **outlining** a course in your own words, seeing history in the **perspective** of a time line, a **map** or familiar event, **studying** the table of contents before reading a book, making a preliminary sketch before doing a **detailed** drawing, or studying to understand an **argument** not just to finish it. And always ask "why?"

tell it like YOU see
in the "show and tell"
undergarten, there was
an eagerness to show
something you had
a learning when you
it in your own words.
enthusiasm to share
ideas and that putting
concepts into your own
should never stop.
ce outlining, condens-
and note-taking using
own words. See Eng-
omposition, not as a
s chore and bore, but
means of expressing
effectively your own
to a friend. Com-
mation is not only
in human relation-
but in all vocations,
ing homemaking.

oubting is not
g! Whether at home
school or at church,
questions is a nor-
way of seeking new
standing. Do not ac-
all you hear as true,
it's the way you feel.
Be nosy. Ask ques-
Sharpen your criti-
censes. Curiosity and
vity, not conformity,
fiber of being a stu-
You must ask ques-
to learn. You NEED
s, for answers mean
knowledge—AND new
s about old knowl-
Caution: Doubting
lthy when used for
ng for truth, but not
used for harassing

at your ideas to
Not just words, but
Never fear to test
ideas in an encounter
thers and with the

way life is, for only as your
ideas begin to stand the
test of debate and conflict
will you have confidence
in the rightness and reality
of your ideas. Thus the
citizen who is confident in
the rightness of democracy
does not fear genuine en-
counter with communism or
extremism on either side,
nor does the firm believer
in Christ fear loss of faith
in an encounter with the
non-Christian.

● **Plan ahead! Dream!**
Set goals big enough to
make you reach, but small
enough to be achievable.
When you know where
you're going, it gives posi-
tive purpose, perspective,
enthusiasm, and direction to
your studies—and to life!

● **Care about others!**
A major aid to learning is
love. Whether parent or
child, teacher or student,
boss or employee, each of
us learns best in an atmos-
phere of acceptance. You
feel more like learning in
a classroom where the
teacher obviously has a
real concern for his or her
students. Many kids have
failed because their class-
mates reject them. You are
more likely to risk genuine
encounter with a new idea
in an atmosphere where
you are respected. Usually,
it's our own families who
suffer through our pains
and pangs of growing, of
testing, of doubting, of
searching. Yet fear of re-
jection has caused many
persons to avoid contro-
versy and honest confronta-
tion with reality and truth.

● **Have faith beyond
the unknown!** We fear
most what we don't know.
And no matter how hard
we try, we'll never know
everything. Yet we know
enough to believe that
despite man's disorder
there is orderliness within
the laws of creation, if we
can only discover and fol-
low them. Whether in
plants or animals or hu-
mans, we know that in ten-
sion there is growth, in
suffering there is hope, in
death there is life. It's
enough to lead many to be-
lieve that the Maker of it
all intended it to be good
and that He created all
things out of love for us.
Man is the discoverer, not
the Creator. Man is the
child, not the Father. If
orderliness and love are
the Creator's intended
way of life, then the un-
known and the new need
not threaten man. But man
seeks to know the Creator's
way as best he can. And
man's seeking never ends,
but neither does the Crea-
tor's love for us.

● **Never stop growing!**
Always keep your total
being open to growth. The
new and the unknown for
you to learn are endless,
especially in this fast-dis-
covering world. None of
us is ever too old to learn.
Learning adds something
new to our life. It makes
life fuller, but never com-
plete. Learning is reach-
ing, and hoping, and
growing. And when we
stop growing, we are no
more. ▼

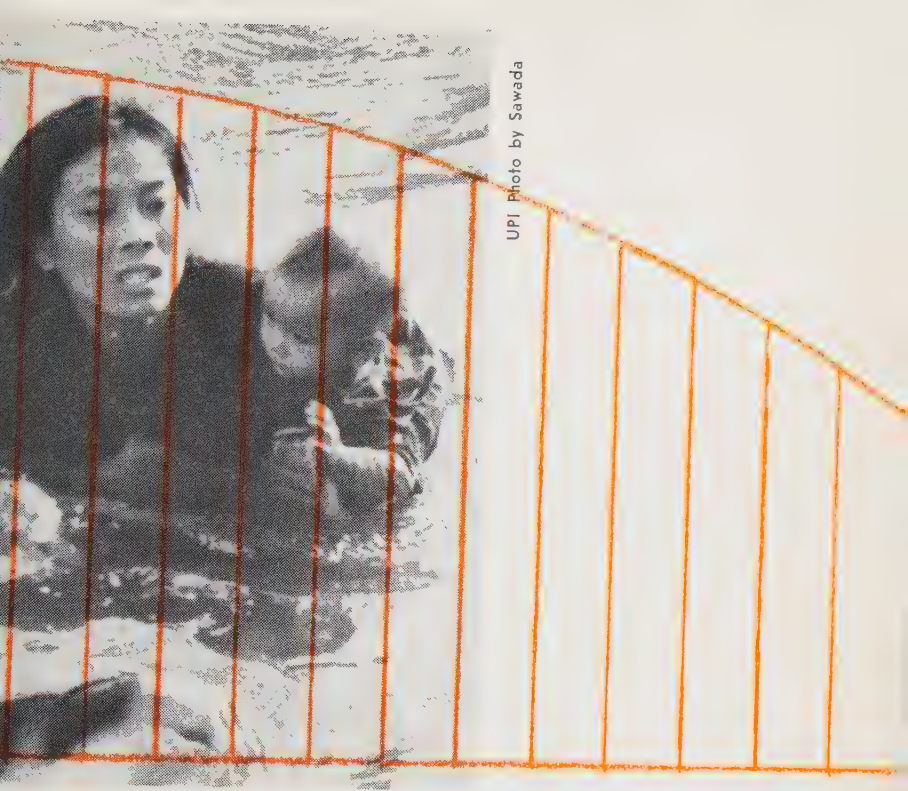
***In response to suffering
in North and South Vietnam,
one young man's faith
told him to be
on the Peace Bridge
in Buffalo . . .***

I went to Buffalo, New York, on Saturday, January 25, because I had been mandated to do just that. The same Christ who decided it was better to ask Zaccheus if he would share a meal instead of asking him if he was saved, said: "love your enemies, turn the other cheek, walk the second mile." In the second ecumenical act of its kind, forty Young Friends of North America and youth of the Church of the Brethren, two churches historically looked on as peace churches, met in Buffalo to talk and to act. Our purpose was to take money into Canada which the Canadian Friends Service Committee could use to buy medicines for suffering civilians in North and South Vietnam.

at the moment of



A pot luck supper was served to

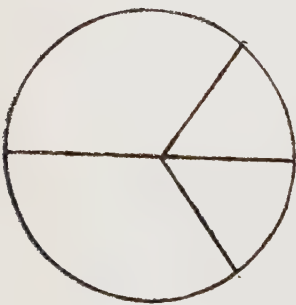


UPI Photo by Sawada

ssing / the spirit was on fire

together, fellowship together. After eating together, we gathered in a room for a briefing session on the following day's activities. We were told to expect to have read to us the Trading Act Law which would tell us that we were aiding an enemy of the United States and by what terms we could be arrested and punished. We would also be requested to sign our name to a paper saying that we had been a part of the action.

Differences of opinion arose here on personal notes. I would like to cite two of them. One group felt too proud to sign their names. Why should I have to sign my name to a paper for the government who dictates who my enemies are to be? For this group, it was a symbolic act to say "no" to the signing of one's name to a piece of paper. The other persons felt the nature of the witness left nothing to hide and for them it was also an act of pride to sign their name saying they had participated. Both viewpoints were valid. Both were felt strongly.



The weather report, as told to us, was a point of discussion. Very high winds and low temperatures made it seem almost foolish to walk across the Peace Bridge. If we walk, who will know? Who will know what we walk for? It is of no use to walk. Let's just get the money across. How long is the bridge? As a group, we decided to walk across the bridge in a witness to basically ourselves, a symbol to possibly only our own personal being.

The movie "Parable" was shown after which, in smaller groups, we discussed the movie's implications and then broke into our beliefs on the radical movement within the church, our reasons for being in Buffalo, and our reasons for responding to the Christian gospel the way

because of written and present laws, that a confrontation would take place. Each of us had to decide what his commitment would be.

The high point for me came when I was able to make this decision and feel good about it. I had come to Buffalo disliking myself for the decision I held then. It was that if a confrontation took place, I would not be able to cross the bridge. I reversed that decision for the following reasons. God spews out men who are neither hot nor cold. It is easy for me to sit back and talk about love, peace, equality, but to put my whole being where my mouth is, to take the risk, this is hard.

The government has no right to tell me who my enemies are. I have no enemies. "Love your neighbor as yourself." The language can't be any plainer. Can it be we do not yet know how to love ourselves? Is this the reason we find enemies and play games with human life? What of the fact that God expects no more nor no less of us than that we follow his commandments of loving each man as a brother?

Vietnam is screaming for life. It

" 'Love your neighbor as yourself.' Can it be we do not

how to love ourselves?"

way, and the epitome of my witness, to bring my concern into a living identity with the people of Vietnam, was to walk across the bridge.

My fear went away. I put my trust in my belief that those who desire to kill the body cannot kill the spirit. That the faith of a mustard seed can make us whole and that the spirit of many men would be with us if the confrontation took place and we would have to cross the bridge and be arrested.

I had no choice. It had been made for me at Calvary. We must remember the words of our Lord when in agony he said, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." My call to Christian discipleship demands my all. And so, against the dictates of a government that tells me it is wrong to aid those Vietnamese civilians whom they call our enemy, I decided that my commitment would be to my belief and I would not be afraid. Everything became clear. In giving we do receive and are so much more happier. ▼

bread, after which we left with Buffalo Friends for their homes and a night of rest.

Sunday dawned sunny, cold, and windy. Snow had fallen and at times during the day continued to fall as the sun played games with the snowflakes. Our gathering time was 11 a.m. at which time many of us who were Brethren, for the first time, experienced a Quaker worship service. It was effective because we knew why we were together. We had a task at hand and we were going to perform it.

In all of this preparation for the actual crossing of the Peace Bridge, an interesting battle was being fought within every individual in the group. We did not expect a confrontation by the government. This was because the amount of money was only symbolic. We did not have the publicity or the power to make this gesture one which would threaten the image of the mighty pillars in Washington, D.C. and the structure within those pillars. But, the possibility existed,



As this act had been performed only once before in the ecumenical realms, a statement was drawn up to include the feelings of the entire group. We drew together before the bridge and the customs officers at 2 p.m. on Sunday afternoon the 26th. It was bitterly cold and windy, but our hearts were warm with confidence and hope. We walked into the customs office, presented the statement to the officials and told them of our intention to take money into Canada which would be used to buy medicines for Vietnamese civilians. No law was read to us; no paper were we asked to sign. We were only told to proceed across the road to the pedestrian crosswalk where directions would be given.

At the pedestrian sidewalk we

brought us to a new level of understanding and identity with our fellow friends in Vietnam, who happen to live on the other side of the world. At the moment of the crossing, we were with the Vietnamese and they were with us, if in spirit only. The spirit was on fire and the light is burning yet in each of us.

In the Canadian customs office we were asked to show identification and tell where we were born. Outside the customs building, waiting to greet us, were ten members of the Canadian Friends. We gathered together in a united and beautiful meeting, linking together our love in a small Chinese restaurant just past the bridge. All persons having money were asked to produce such. The amount started adding up and before long, each of us was thrilled knowing that \$1856.18 had been collected and given.

The money will now go to the International Red Cross which will purchase medicines and see that the medicine is used in helping Vietnamese civilians in *all* of Vietnam whose bodies have been broken by the barbarous and horrible war

"Compared to what our government spends in Vietnam

was small. But to me it is a symbol of hope!"

oulet. So it is with you; you cannot have both God and wealth as your master." And in Romans 12: "Do not let evil defeat you; instead, conquer evil with good."

For me, and each of the forty people present in Buffalo, our lives showed living Christianity. Faith without works is dead. I write this account of a witness which moved me deeply not out of a display of self-righteousness because I don't feel haughty over what I did. I feel very solemn and humble.

My heart still cries with all of those suffering over the world. It tears my inner being apart to think that at times I do not have the strength to say, "I love." But I have hope. \$1856.18 isn't much in comparison to the money our government spends in Vietnam. But it is a symbol of hope, friendship, love, and peace.

Search the life of Jesus Christ and the mandate he left for us to love, to give, to be brothers to all. For remember, Pontius Pilate also thought he was innocent.

—Tom Hurst, New Windsor, Md.

made our faces brittle. Below us and rushing was the Niagara River. A sign ahead said, "Welcome to Canada." Looking back I could see processions of three walking over the bridge. It was like I was walking right into Vietnam.

When we talk about war, peace, and God, we must realize that to choose one is to discard the other. Each of us must understand that other nations are composed of individual persons who have joys and sorrows, failures and victories, loves and hates, doubts and convictions, suffering and pleasure, sickness and health somewhat like ourselves.

It was a silent witness. People in cars stared and wondered. One person at the front and the rear of the procession carried a banner with the international peace symbol saying "Vietnam Relief." Silent to all who went past, but to each of us, a symbolic witness of friendship and love that warned our bodies against adverse weather conditions and



SILLY LITTLE THINGS

There are silly little bugs abroad,
They build silly little houses.
Funny little houses with sharp spires
And dark halls.
Bugs with silly little names:

Grief,

Pain,

Fear,

Hunger,

Just silly little names.

Silly little fickle bugs,
Carrying their silly houses
From place to place,
Stopping only briefly here and there.

When they leave,

There is but a silly little place left
Space for funny little birds
To build warm, soft, funny little nests.
Funny little birds with funny little names:

Faith,

Hope,

Joy,

Peace,

Just funny little names.

Funny little faithful birds
Chasing silly little fickle bugs.

Written by Kathleen Simonson (17)
Austin, Minn.



A black and white photograph of a group of teenagers hiking on a trail. They are carrying backpacks and gear, and some are wearing hats. The trail is rocky and uneven. The background is slightly blurred, showing more of the trail and some trees.

MYRTLE POINT MT. CAMMERER OLD BL

ST. JOHN'S TEENS GO

TRAIL CAMPING



"Thank you, Lord, for affording us the opportunity to live in close communion so that we could learn, and better understand God's inter-action with each other. By these general terms of living we mean:

the SACRIFICES we've made like . . .

foregoing seconds to someone else more hungry;
walking a faster pace and gritting our teeth and bearing it;
giving up your last Kleenex you've been saving for an emergency;
washing dishes when tired;

the GIVING such as . . .

getting up before someone else to start the fire;
going to bed last in order to hang up packs;

the SHARING in the form of . . .

shared responsibilities—cooks, dishwashers, water and fire crews;
just talking at an overlook during a pack break;
sharing a toothbrush!;
sharing a packload;

the COMPANIONSHIPS. . . ."

BY JOHN MacREADIE BARR /
High on Myrtle Point, the eastern peak of 6597' Mount LeConte, the third highest mountain in the Great Smokies, twelve backpackers sat in silence as dawn broke and the sun suddenly burst forth from behind

CHAPMAN

SEQUOYAH

SAWTEETH

CHARLIE'S BUNION

KEPHART

GREAT SMOKIES



Thank you too, Lord, for giving us a sense of humor to laugh at ha
times past and at our mistakes as well as others:

in *receiving* . . .

the fellowship of other hikers met on the Trail;
the beauty of the mountainside;
the flowers, the trees;
and the joy from giving to others;



t. Guyot, some 40 miles to the west. The silence was broken as we each joined in the singing of a favorite hymn and began a service of Holy Communion. The height, the wind in our faces, the clouds gently rising from the valley below, the blue sky above, and the sun rising ever higher, made this a mountain-experience in every sense of the word. It was a fitting climax to our trip on the Appalachian Trail which had begun at Davenport Gap on the northeastern edge of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park and ended with this exhilarating view.

We were a group of 12—eight girls, three boys, and myself, all members of St. John's Episcopal Church, Columbia, S. C., where I am rector. We had started our trip on the morning of Sunday, August 12 from Davenport Gap—and traveled over the rugged mountains which could now be seen in the distance. We had climbed their heights and returned to love them: Mt. Cammerer, Old Black, Guyot, Chapman, Quoyah, Sawteeth, Charlie's Bunk, and Kephart. We'd covered the 100 miles of trail in five days of hiking over what is considered by many to be among the most beautiful and most challenging sections of the entire Appalachian Trail.

As a young boy I had learned to love the mountains—their toughness and challenge—and had quickly

learned to climb them, roughing it at every opportunity. I suppose I came by it naturally, for my mother's people were among the first white settlers in western North Carolina—and at least three mountains were named for them, one in the Smokies and two in the Nantahalas.

So, it has been my practice in each parish which I've served to take the senior high young people on a trail camping trip. It is a time of getting to know one another better, and a time when we can experience living as a close-knit Christian family, learning to carry our part of the family responsibility and load—literally! We learn to accept one another for what we are—with both the good and the not-so-pleasant moments. Above all, it affords us the opportunity to know God and his marvelous creation more intimately. At the same time, each trip is designed as a challenge. We pitch camp along the trail every night, or sleep in Appalachian Trail Adirondack shelters when available, do our own cooking, packing dehydrated foods as much as possible, and carry the bare essentials to subsist. Naturally, everyone is encouraged to condition themselves with plenty of walking and running prior to the trip, and the campers are always physically ready to go.

A major part of the planning for

a trip of this kind is the food. Among some of the goods on this year's trip were dehydrated beef and noodle stew, macaroni and dried beef, instant pudding, various soup mixes, sourball candies, and semi-sweet German chocolate for quick energy. Our packs contained sleeping bags, light-weight two-man mountain tents, a change of clothing, cooking gear, and other group equipment. We even weighed each pack every day to see that supplies were equally distributed among the campers. The boys started out on the trip with about a 38 to 40 pound load, while the girls began with 30 pounds apiece.

For two nights prior to our departure, we gathered at the rectory to go over trip plans, study maps, and determine roughly where we would camp along the trail. Food was packed in plastic bags, and each person's pack was given a final check on the last night to see that nothing extra was being carried, and that all clothing was of the proper weight and type. Finally, as if our appetites weren't already whetted enough, we looked at color slides of previous years' trips.

The day of departure found all campers arriving at the rectory with parents, brothers, sisters, and friends to watch us pose for pictures, and exchange happy farewells. By eight

a.m. wheels began to roll and we were on our way toward the Great Smokies.

We spent our first night at Cataloochee, a beautiful, secluded, undeveloped campground on the eastern edge of the Park. It was here that Georganna swung out over the cold, crystal clear Cataloochee Creek only to lose her grip on the vine and plunge, fully dressed, into the center of the stream.

Sunday dawned clear and crisp and we began our up-hill trek from Davenport Gap at precisely the planned time, pausing at mid-morning for our service of Holy Communion, stacking up three packs to make a small altar. We arrived at Cosby Knob Shelter tired, happy and hungry. Here, as in each place we camped during the trip, we were to share our camp with one or more bears. Two packs were disturbed during the night, but with some beating of mess kits, our furry friends departed. Three other campers who shared our campsite were not so fortunate; they found nothing but ripped packs and remnants of food the next morning. Later, at Tricorner Knob, we were to see another bear steal one Boy Scout's pack from a tree, disregarding the noise and flashlight beams centered on him. If the Scout ever found his pack, we never heard of

and we ask, O God, for forgiveness of our sins . . .
 looking for faults and criticizing fellow campers;
 becoming angry and impatient with others'
 negligence or inexperience;
 any act of selfishness we know within ourselves we've committed;
 for taking the easy way out, like asking for a rest
 when not needed;

"I think I'll let my straps out so my shoulders will hurt in a different place." (back)



and we ask forgiveness for those *sins of omission* . . .
where we could have helped out but were too lazy,
like not carrying water;
not listening to someone who didn't interest you;
not singing because we were too lazy;
not exerting an effort to participate in group activity, because
you felt self-conscious, or afraid to speak up.

Excerpts from Trail Trip Prayer
by Connie Aldrich and David Huntley

"It gets me down to go up." (Squee)



ter on at False Gap, a bear slept
op our Adirondack shelter, and
e were uneasy all night for fear
would come crashing through
on us.

Perhaps the real climax of the
p was our arrival on Mt. LeConte
the rustic log-cabin LeConte
dge, which can be reached only
foot or horseback. We spent the
ght there—eating dinner from
twer plates by the light of kero-
e lamps, and later telling stories
d singing well into the night be-
e a roaring fire, then turning in
sleep under Hudson Bay blankets.
After the sunrise at Myrtle Point
d a hot and hearty breakfast back
the Lodge, we were off for our
al eight miles down the other
e of the mountain to the cars
iting for us at Gatlinburg. On
e trip home we talked and thought
our experiences along the trail:
e abundance of good, cold spring
ter; LeConte Lodge's "Heidi" at-
sphere; the cold baths we had
en at Peck's Corner spring; the
autiful wild flowers by day and
e silent majesty of the stars by
ht; the unusual number of bears
ncluding Jimmy's opening the
or to the "john" at Tricorner Knob
y to find that the bear he met
l gotten there first. My personal
ughts turned to the many fine
npers who had been with me on
vious trips and who are now

scattered from Vietnam to London.
Then, before we knew it, with a bit
of singing, sleeping, and talking
mixed together, we were back home.

Gena summed it up quite well:
"If I had one wish, it would be that
each of you could experience the
enlightenment which only a trip
such as ours can offer. Yes, we met
the great challenge of climbing some
of God's greatest gifts of handwork.
In this one week, we strengthened
our relationship with God and with
one another. We grew to a greater
knowledge of ourselves and of our
fellowmen, and realized that each
gift of nature is but a tiny example
of God's love and concern for us—
his children."

Bill put it this way: "Throughout
the entire trip, and especially com-
ing home, I kept thinking about a
sermon that Mr. Barr delivered a
few Sundays before we left. He
talked about the mountains and the
valleys in our lives, and how diffi-
cult it is to come down from the
mountain top into the valley. I feel
that this trip was a very high moun-
tain top in the lives of everyone who
went. It *was* hard to come back
down to the valley, but we did, and
I feel better now having been. It
was a wonderful trip, no matter
about blisters or tired muscles. It
was the greatest in what really mat-
ters and what really counts. For
all, it was an unforgettable experi-
ence."

THE COUNSELORS ... by HARBAUG



MOM, I'D LIKE YOUR OPINION,... WHAT SHOULD I WEAR TO THE SCHOOL DANCE?... MY BLUE DRESS DOESN'T FIT ANYMORE... AND CAROL WANTS ME TO JOIN DRAMA CLUB,... DO YOU THINK I SHOULD?...



... AND DAD, CAN I BORROW YOUR CAR TOMORROW?... DO YOU THINK I SHOULD GO TO A UNIVERSITY OR A SMALL COLLEGE?...WHAT ABOUT MY MAJORING IN LANGUAGE?...



... MOM, SHOULD I START TAKING PIANO LESSONS AGAIN OR GO TO CHARM SCHOOL?... WOULD YOU APPROVE IF I GO TO EUROPE ON THE STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAM?...



... OH AND DAD, I'D LIKE TO HAVE
THE SORORITY OVER FOR A LITTLE
PARTY, COULD WE BORROW YOUR STEREO
AND MOVE THE TV SOMEWHERE? ...
... DO YOU THINK I SHOULD BE A CAREER
GIRL, ... OR SHOULD I BE A HOUSEWIFE? ...



... GOTTA RUN NOW, ...
THANKS FOR
THE ADVICE ...



W. B. Smith

DAYS AND COUNTING . . .

Time is running out—it's now (April 6) 24 days and counting to the deadline (May 1) for Youth's 1969 Creative Arts Awards Competition. So, if you have intentions of submitting something to this year's competition you'd better blast off to your typewriter, drawing board, or dark room and then rocket the results to us immediately. The rules (below) are simple—just remember to mark each entry with your name, address, and age. All entries must be postmarked by May 1st, 1969. Be creative!!—then share the results with us!!

1. You must be younger than 20 years of age.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be YOURS.
3. Each person may submit a total of five entries.
4. Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state).
5. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED—so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.
6. All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1969.
7. Send entries to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. All entries, other than creative writing, will be returned.





THREE

Three trees heavy burdened
On a hill dark in time—
Thorns grew there

Three nails deeply driven
In a Body not of time—
Blood spilled there

Three hearts cast in grieving
On that hill dark in time—
Tears flowed there

Three hours weighed in sorrow
On a page out of time—
Death walked there

Three days to be suffered
At a tomb hewn in time—
Then—light broke there.

Karen Lindemuth
Immanuel United Church of Christ
Kaukauna, Wisconsin